Irene: Demon Guardian by BrookStraz

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Summary: I am the eater of worlds and of Children! I drive fear into the hearts of the one's who dare fight against me! So why do I feel such feelings for such an Impudent child? R&R And please enjoy !

1. Chapter 1

Iren:

Demon Guardian

INTRODUCTION

"It's been awhile, Pennywise." come a husky, smooth voice from behind me. Sounded like a jazz singer. I turned and saw HER standing in the doorway. The light behind her shielded her features from me, I could only see the feminine figure of a grown woman. Walking towards me and closing the door behind her I saw her.

I saw her features clearly. They were no longer childish. Her podgy round baby face of a six year old was gone and instead I saw that it had slimmed down into heart shape. High cheek bones and wide dark green eyes that were shrouded by her long thick black eye lashes that prevented me from seeing their true beauty. Her soft, plum juicy lips parted to let out a soft giggle. In the Fire light Her hair danced with radiant colours, golden yellow, flaming orange and deep scarlet red. Her Smooth skin was flawless but with the exception of the tiny freckle on her top lip.

She did not seem to be the same girl from once I met her thirty years ago when she was just a child. Barely six years old when I dragged her down into the sewers. She fought back alright. Oh, she begged of course first. But then once she caught drift I had no intentions of letting her go and revealed she was supper she screamed, kicked, punched, head butted and even BIT me.

My eyes scoped up and down her lean body. Her body was shaped like an hour glass. Shapely long, bare, legs with strong, tight, calves. Her thighs were ample and waist was small enough for a very small, young child to wrap its arms around and still have enough arm length to spare. Her breast weren't very big, but big enough to fill my hands.

The tight blue on piece she wore clung to her. Taking a step towards me I didn't want to but my legs told me other wise and stood back.

She stopped. Looked at me in a hurt filled way she stared at me. "You've changed." I croaked. Damn. Why the hell was I acting like this??

2. Chapter 2 Meetings

Chapter one: Meetings

It was October 14th of 1959 it was a rainy, murky late evening. No one would leave their homes during these dark times when young children would go missing. Even the bravest of adults wouldn't venture out unless they were in packs. In Derry that is.

For a number of weeks children and a number of elders have been reported missing or dead. No one knows why, investigation said it was a psycho path. Well they got that right.

No one except a young girl named Iren Smithers. A perky red head that loved to go outside, but today she was on an errand. A mission from god in her mind. Mama had been ill for the past year. Daddy was a drunk and wouldn't even lift a finger to help his girl child and wife. His instructions were simple take the prescription and take it to the pharmacist and get Mama's medicine.

Wearing her beloved long red coat and favorite yellow willies as she sang her little tune through the rain, skipping to the beat of her song. Her white knitted cap circled her head and covering the majority of her bright scarlet bob that framed her baby like features. Green eyes scanned the empty street and roads for oncoming traffic.

A smiled graced her angelic baby face. She felt just as grown up as her daddy explained she would be if she done her errand. Not much further now, just a little bit further. She thought to herself. Crossing the road she stopped immediately as a voice from the forward drain spoke. Uncertain whither it was just her imagination but curiosity took over and she rushed over to the drain, bending down she saw something white and tusks of red.

"Who's there?" She asked all in innocence. Then suddenly a head popped up from the darkness. "You're a clown!" she exclaimed Happily, she loved clowns. The man smiled, his thin crimson painted lips pulled upwards. Showing nice, straight square teeth. His face painted pure white and framed with strait scarlet ring ran from his ears to the back of his skull. His eyes were grey but dark.

"That's right!" he exclaimed, eyes bright. "You like clowns?" he asked, high pitched laughing rumbled through his chest as she happily bobbed her head up and down. Lifting a white gloved hand through the bars he reached out for her to grab. "You like balloons?" He asked another laugh at her meek answer.

"My, you're a cute one, what're you doing here in the rain?" He asked concerned. The girl answered shyly, knowing for well what her mother would say if her daughter was talking to a stranger. "I can't tell you, I'm really not allowed to talk to strangers, you know. Mama told me so."

"No? Well, mama is a bright one she is. Say, how's this? My name is Pennywise and as you know I'm a clown. So, what is your name?" he asked, The little girl smiled "I know I can see that you are one, you wearing a silly yellow and red clown costume with stupid girly frilly things that make you look like a poof. And a huge red nose to top it off, don't you think painted your nose would be better?" She knew what games this clown was making. Daddy warned her of these people. She put one her grown up voice. And the selective langue was definitely her fathers. He said that they were freaks and poofs playing dress up to entertain people, he figured they couldn't get decent jobs. And that's the kettle calling the teapot black. (even if she didn't know what poof meant.)

The clown named Pennywise's mouth dropped nearly six inches. Clearly insulted by the infant. "Why you little brat!" he exclaimed, baring his teeth. Trying to reach through the bars to grab her, she stood up crossing her arms tightly against her chest.

Rising her tiny nose up at the man she insulted she huffed and said clearly in her tiny but highly adult mannered voice "If you must know my name is Iren Smithers, Mr. Pennywise. Now if you excuse me I have an errand to run." Looking the clown deep in the eyes she gasped.

The clown Pennywise's face crunched up, his eyes narrowed angrily, he snarled pulling his thin lips backwards to show ragged, razor sharp teeth. "How dare you, you silly, little brat! How dare you talk and insult me!" His eyes flashed, his gloved hands pulled the bars apart with ease.

He turned his horrid snarl into a sickening smile as his big head pooped up between the separate bars, and reached towards the red head. She screamed as he grabbed the sleeve of her red coat. It was like watching a cartoon.

"Come here!" Pennywise snarled through clenched teeth. Iren the small child tugged against the clown. "Let me go! Please!" Iren begged Pennywise whom just laughed and twirled the girl into his arm, wrapping tightly around her.

"Not a damn chance, girl!" Pennywise laughed, and dragged the young girl down into the drain. Many thoughts went through her mind, why didn't any one answer her pleas and cries. Pennywise last words shook the foundations of her soul; "you're dinner!" Her voice rang through the neighborhood "MAMA!"

3. Chapter 3 begging is always good

Chapter two: Begging is always good.

It was dark, dank and it smelt like vomit. And blood, as well as the rotting corpses that laid mangled and decapitated on the cold stone floor. Arms and legs hung from the ceiling from what looked like cobwebs. They glistened like red rubies in the only source for sunlight from a hatch on the far wall.

The little girl named Iren sat at the far corner of the chamber. Her eyes wide and red rimmed as tears prickled down her baby chops, lips parted to suck in air and breathing out through the nose. Her precious red coat's sleeves was ripped to pieces because she struggled against Pennywise.

Her nose dribbled a little but seeing her beloved coat was torn she used the good sleeve to wipe away the tears and snot. Pennywise left her in this wreck in this damnable pit. The fear of never seeing her mother and father again scared her witless. Especially since Pennywise's last words when he dragged he into the sewer. "You're dinner!" rang clearly in her mind.

She stopped shaking dead in her tracks as she heard his footsteps, she looked up into the shadows, Pennywise was there, his teeth bared, and eyes shone a deep crimson.

"Dinner time!" he declared, snarling through his clenched teeth. "Please, don't, please!" Iren begged her high pitch tone. Fear wrecked through her. Memories of his clutching her close to his chest and tight muscled arms squeezed her tightly as to tenderize her.

Pennywise stared into the green orbs, something about Pennywise softened. His face did, his teeth went back to the blunt perfectly squared teeth. His eyes turned back to the dark grey eyes.

But his eyes were threatening as Iren ducked her head into her knees, her hat falling off to reveal a long and wide black tattoo that entwined in a heart shape in the centre of a circle. "Leave me alone!" Iren screamed looking up enough at the ground and grabbed a fist

size rock and threw it as hard as she could at Pennywise. It hit him right in the stomach, lets be honest it wasn't that hard but he wasn't too far away.

Pennywise eyes were wide in shock, he didn't expect this little twerp to put up much of a fight. He just laughed, a cackled laugh, "Pathetic, you brat. If you wanna cause some damage, this is the way to do it!" picking up the rock that Iren had threw at him. And threw it at her head, she ducked just in time. The rock splintered to the ground. Iren looked frightened but adrenaline pulsed through her fragile frame. She turned defensive and ran strait into Pennywise and head butted him strait in his gut.

Pennywise was taken by surprise but repelled her with a swift slap in her face. Turning one cheek pinker than the other. "Now, little girl." he began, she hissed at him in both pain and a passionate hatred as he lifted her up from grasping her collar and holding her inches away from his face.

He snarled ferociously, "You can beg for my forgiveness and make it convincing and have a merciful death or you can fucking die the most painful and terrifying way, my pet." Iren's eyes widened at the offer, She snarled her self. "You actually think I'm going to beg for a demon's forgiveness? Either I do or I don't I'll die either way you sick bastard!"

Pennywise's snarl turned it into a sick revolting grin. "You are you're father's daughter aren't you?" Iren looked him dead in the eyes, "How do you know my father?" Pennywise laughed sickly "Because he's the one that gave me this, thirty years ago." With that Pennywise tore the yellow fabric on his left shoulder, pulling Iren away enough to see.

He looked fat in his six sizes to big baggy clown clothes but actually was very trim, (That was surprising.) and well toned. That didn't matter to Iren, what bothered her was the long deep scar that ran down from Pennywise's Neck past his collarbone and further down his chest but it was covered instantly.

"My father didn't mention anything!" "I know that, but he wasn't going to tell you, yet." "What do you mean?" Iren demanded, beginning to feel the adrenaline rush pump harder.

"Your father had the exact same marking on the back of his neck like you do. A marking that's been past down since eons ago, and do you know what those marking symbolize?" Iren was confused and wanted answers. She shook her head.

"Demon hunters. Pet. Your wretched father and your mother were demon hunters. Thirty years ago your father and mother as well as their comrades nearly destroyed me. But of course as you can see I remain. As I stand here in my hands I have the Heir to the demon hunter's legacy. I can easily take my revenge." he hissed.

"If what you say is true my Daddy will come back and kick you stupid ass you bastard!" cried Iren as Pennywise tightened his hold on her. Bringing her close to him. "Face it, pet. Daddy's too old to stop me. But don't worry, Mama will be joining us any day now. Seeing she's on her death bed, oh what fun we'll have!" He laughed, throwing his head back. It was a loud cackling sound that made Iren flinch.

Something snapped inside of Iren. Her emerald eyes widened angrily, turning steely and stone cold, launching her self forward she swatted Pennywise in the face and scratching him with her finger nails.

She kicked him repeatedly in the gut and did a high kick in the face, full force. "Screw you jackass!" Throwing her against the wall Pennywise glared at her and swiped at her. (Her daddy swears, A LOT)

Once rendered harmless he picked her up with ease and lifted her to his face with one hand. One of her eyes were beginning to close and her nose dribbled blood a bit. A snarl ripped through her chest. As Pennywise lifted a hand under her chin to tilt her head up Iren slammed her jaw down on it. Biting hard into the tough material.

Pennywise hissed angrily as he wiped out his hand. "Shit!" he cussed. "Fuck you!" he swore as he dropped her on the hard floor. Tacking his hand over his head, ready to strike. Iren covered her head with her arms. Lifting her legs up for protection and letting out a low whimper Pennywise' halted on his advanced.

Looking up from under her arms she stared at him with innocent eyes. Pleading with him for mercy. Only to find that he disappeared.

Looking forward up the door to the chamber in the dark room (which she tried to open but failed because it was locked) was left open.

Confused she stood up and trod forward towards it. Uneasy that this could be a trap of Pennywise'. Gaining confidence Iren began to run and speeded through the sewer after leaving the threshold of the corpse chamber.

Running up the sewer stairs she heard the cries of Pennywise. Pausing with fear looked behind her quickly to make sure she wasn't being followed. Turning back she ran as fast as her legs could carry her fragile frame.

The screams echoed behind Iren, driving her farther out of the underground. Seeing light Iren hoisted herself up onto a window ledge where glass was shattered. Looking out into the bright light Iren sighed in relief when she looked back and then to the moor and lake outside.

Climbing trough the broken glass frame, making sure not to cut herself on the sharp shards of glass, but with no such luck, slicing her lower leg, cutting trough the boot to her skin. "Ah!" she cried quietly.

But putting on a strong face Iren continued to climb through. Looking on either side she spotted growing ivy on the side of the building. Laying her back against the wall she skidded side ways to it where she carefully climbed down it from it, making sure she used enough grip to hold herself from falling.

Jumping down at the last four feet Iren ran into the forest, looking behind her and running from it and deep into the Forest where she bumped into some one she was all too happy to see.

"DADDY!" she cried as she saw her father stumbling through the shallow end of the forest, near the roadway. Turning to Iren, Stewart Smithers grinned broadly and stumbled towards his only daughter.

Tumbling to running Stewart skidded down on his knees and wrapped his skinny arms around him. Tears flowed freely down his shallow cheeks. Mouth open he cried out loudly. "Iren, where were you?? I was so worried!!" He screamed out. Iren was confused "What

are you talking about daddy??

"Your mother is dead, daughter." he said simply. Tears flowed freely. It made sense now, those screams weren't Pennywise' they were her mothers. Tears again brimmed the child's eyes and sniffled quietly into her father's chest. Even though he was a drunk and refused to lift so much as a finger to help anyone Iren knew for a fact that that was about to change.

"Where were you?? I was looking around town for you for nearly two days!" Iren's eyes flew wide open, two days? Almost two days?? She was only gone for nearly half a day. Not a day and a half. "What are you saying daddy, I was only gone for half a day not a day and a half." Iren laughed, not wanting to believe it. Pulling his young daughter at arms length Stewart eyed her wryly.

"Sweetheart, you've been gone for nearly two days." he said firmly. In the long run Iren decided not to argue with her father and replied "I'm sorry daddy it wont happen again." No way in hell would she tell her father about Pennywise, one: she was to frightened, two: She didn't want to believe even though she saw it with her very own eyes, and eventually would believe it was just her imagination.

Stewart sighed heavily and picked up his daughter with one arm, cradling her affectionately. In all which Iren smiled and nuzzled her face in his chest.

"Come on Ireny, lets get you changed, look at you you're all dirty and your clothes are ripped to pieces." Stewart scolded lightly, whatever happened he was going to find out one way or the other. One thing was for sure he wasn't going to drag it out of her. He couldn't, as much as he would like to but he knew Iren. She'd just clam up.

He noticed the cut through her boot and her nose bled, her coat was tattered and her cap was missing. Her hair was mashed.

That night at the Smither's residence Stewart had read Iren a story before bed. Which he had never EVER done before, his wife was the one that usually did these kinds of things but seeing (and in grieving) he knew now that she was dead he had to step up to the mark. He knew he was an arsehole of a father and husband. But that doesn't

mean he didn't love them, he did.

After tucking Iren into bed and kissing the red head goodnight Stewart couldn't help but grimace at the scarlet red hair that his wife had, too much, he thought, too much like her. Flawless skin 'cept with that freckle on Iren's top lip, pale and soft. Her green eyes were his, but that was all that she had off of his family, the green eyes.

"Good night Iren, sleep well Darling." Stewart whispered as he flicked on the night light and turned off the main light to her room. Iren, tired as she was slept until a noise had awoke her from her slumber.

Apart from the night light the corners of the room was shaded and a pair of yellow eyes opened up. Iren was startled, she whined a little as the demon clown appeared fully from the shadows. "No point in screaming Iren." said the clown menacingly, smiling smugly to Iren. "No one can hear you." Tacking a step forward and reaching towards her Iren jumped out of bed and ran towards the door.

Trying to pull the door knob but to no prevail, it wouldn't open. Looking over her shoulder she could see the clown making his way towards her, "LEAVE ME ALONE!" She screamed, putting her arms up over her head for protection as Pennywise' raised his hand above her.

A wicked smirk graced the clowns face. His grey eyes turned a yellowy orange hue. "Why would I do that now? Lil' bird, lil' magpie." "Please…" she begged again like she did in the sewers. Pennywise' halted and looked at the young six year old. Lowering his hand Pennywise just stood there. Staring at her in wonder, peeking through her tiny and venerable shield Iren gazed up at the clown.

He JUST STOOD there. Pennywise was aware of the young girl staring at him. But he paid no heed, he stared in wonder, 'So alike,' he thought quietly, 'So much like….Her.'

"Please don't hurt me." came Iren's innocent whisper, begging him. Pennywise snapped out of his thoughts and stared blankly at her. He nodded and backed up into the shadows of the little room.

Leaving Iren standing against the door. Dumbfounded. "What just happened??" she asked in wonder. Looking into the shadows Iren

shook her head and literally jumped into her bed and hid under the covers.

Feeling the presence of the dreadful spirit subsided and Iren curled into a ball and drifted off into a dreamless sleep. But Pennywise was watching from the corner of the room in the shadows.

Stepping out as soon as he head the little girl's breath evened and a slight snoring sound came from the small child's bed. Tacking long four strides to the bed. Pennywise' looked down at the young child's form, 'too much like her' he sighed, memories came rushing back with in an instant. Closing his eyes flashbacks of HER face clouded his mind. It was her that made him what he was now.

A/N: Hello! I'm sorry that I could not write down a authors note earlier. This is my first IT fan fiction, I've only seen the movie but I would like to read the book. Kinda based on the movie but at the same time I've twisted it a little and gave some more depths. Like: Why Pennywise became a demon what made him the way he was, ext. Why he hates and all. So I hope you all liked my IT fanfic and hope that you will write a review even if it's just criticising a little, so I don't mind that because I could use it to improve my writing. So if you could I would be VERY grateful. Thank you and please enjoy my fanfics ! :)

4. Chapter 4 a looong night with ET

A/N Wooooooow, after a while of stop writing this fic I keep getting fav story for it. I first would like to say sorry. Then I would like to explain that actually I decided to rewrite the plot, first few chapters stay the same. What happened was that I actually read the book several times over and rewrote the plot. It turns out that this plot is a whole lot better (in my view) than original.

Okay just a heads up, this is where M rating comes into play *Evil grin* uh I would like to say it is and isn't graphic, at least not as graphic as I'm used to writing anyway. So heads up. Enjoy!

Chapter 4: A looooooong night with E.T

"Do you know why you were spared, Irene?" He drawled as he reclined on my leather sofa. The night was being born, the sun was setting and the trees silhouette blurred against the orange sun as I opened the curtains. He had just returned from the "void" as he called it thirty years ago. I'm thirty six now and a grown woman, but I look up at him in childlike manner, I'm curious.

He just sits there looking at me; his grey blue orbs bore into my green ones. I could see his nostrils flare slightly. A moment of silence sweeps through the room. Both of us are trying to stare the other one down. "What?" I break the silence. "I never took you for a religious person, Irene." Another pause; "Keen sense of smell, there's a bible in the house, they have they have their own unique scent, it's upstairs." He mumbled.

Raising an eye brow I retorted "Senses aren't bad now are they old boy?" I laughed when he growled. "I'm older than anything you can imagine. Everything has its own scent, you, me; the bible for instance smells of musk, age ext." He shot back at me, I took a seat in the leather arm chair opposite him, looking at my hands on my knees I sighed "No one gets any younger you know; Pennywise." Another growl; I cut my eyes at him; I don't want to answer him because I'm tired from a long day and I have questions for him.

Thirty years have passed, now I'm a fully trained demon hunter. I'm obliged to kill this bastard, sworn to do so. And I'll happily do so with out hesitation, normally. Something is holding me back, I don't want to. My body is still but at ease, comfortable; where as I'd normally strike and kill, by instincts I'd be poised and defensive if any one is in my house.

Why am I acting this way?

Pennywise looks at me, fingers laced together and resting his chin on them. A tiny smirk appears on his features. My eye twitches in irritation by his cockiness, bloody demons.

"How old are you? Or better yet, how long have you been in Derry?" I questioned, imitating him in my seat. The corner of his lips twitch upwards, I wonder what was going in that bulbous head of his. "I've been living in Derry before it was even called Derry, *child*." He empathise the last word; I was stunned-"What kind of demon are you?" I blurt out, not at all thinking. "I'm not."

-Silence-

"You're…..not…..?" I was…..shocked.

"No I am not a demon. You and your pathetic race, label anything that's mandatory. Demons do exist, they're out there little one, the succubus, the incubus, vampires; werewolves they're out there. Hiding from the hunting clans such as yours was." With a sharp nod to his head his words ended.

Not a demon, not a demon….Shit!

"You weren't listening were you?" he frowned; eyes narrowed. My face drained of all colour. "Y—Yes I was." "Alright, what did I say?" that smirk that irked me was back again. "You were saying that you weren't a demon…." "Yesssssssssss…Go on." "And that there are demons about. But you're not one of them." "Good girl, had to make sure, you know….."

That you're still not a mutton head; like when you were a child.

Tiny grimace his features under the painted smile. "Then what are

you?" I cautiously asked. Drawing nearer to my hidden knife, relaxation depleted. "I am from outter space."…

"You're an alien?"

I blinked once, trice, three times.

"Yes." "An actual Alien?" "So to speak, yes." "So to speak?"

"Mandatory labelling. Remember? True I wasn't from this planet in the beginning. But I've lived here longer than you humans have."

"I see." Fuck me this was taking long. Jesus. "Anything else?" Was his snarky retort "Are there any more of you?" I asked meekly, feeling my inner six year old self again. A pause for a moment, something flashed across his eyes but I couldn't catch it. "No."

"Okay, obviously you can shape shift, right? What do you really look like? ET?" He frowned again, "ET?" I forgot he's not been awake for long….

"Um, yeah it was a film of an extra-terrestrial being…" that caught his attention although he only raised a brow. His eyes were inquisitive even. Gesturing me to go on. "It was released a good few years ago. I've got it somewhere on Video. It's about this boy who finds this alien, who's stranded on earth. The alien calls himself ET for you, know 'Extra-terrestrial' and such-"Enough….." he holds up both hands, his face scrunched in distaste, "Sounds Vulgar to me."

"Actually it's very good." I insisted. How the hell we came to this conversation…. Of all the conversations we had in my young child hood were not so awkward, weird as this one. I realised that my life was something similar to E.T. Only in this version, Pennywise aint going anywhere; and he aint no friendly E.T. He aint going to on a space ship, he aint child friendly, in fact he'll eat the little sods.

My life is an 18 plus certificate version of E.T…..

He cut his eyes at me while I just sat in front of him, trying my hardest to kiss my teeth at him.

"Why are you here? In my house?" a pause for a moment. He looked

somewhat nervous. "I wanted to see you." He confessed. "Why? Of all the people, why have you come to see me?" deep down I knew why; he wants revenge.

His going to start with me….

Beverly, Bill, Ben, Eddie, Stan, Richie and Mike; the lucky seven who took down IT, thirty some years ago. I wasn't part of the club because I was far too young. Beverly told me after the fight how they managed to survive, they had made a pact, a bond. A special one that even Pennywise couldn't break. That was all she told me. Later on I made the same pact should Pennywise return I'd join the fight.

Mike told me several years later, when I was old enough to understand how they made the bond in their little club house. He was embarrassed at first because I had literally screamed at him for a reason why I couldn't have joined the fight. Why I couldn't have made the bond too. I remember it well; I was in my early teens, around fourteen or so. Then I was the one embarrassed. Poor Mikey.

His strategy made sense. Pennywise is going after us, he's not strong enough to go after them in a group. He'll be going after one by one, starting with the weakest link. It would be obvious it's me; I didn't make the bond, the bond that would protect me from him, so to speak. I only had the bond of friendship, while the other seven were joined by a more… intimate love. All connected that way, all joined by Beverly.

"What are you thinking?" He leaned forward. His hands twitched. "I'm thinking if you're an alien, and these forms you take in front of me, and the others, I wonder what is your gender, you always seem to be in the form of a male?" I retorted, I needed more time. It was random and stupid but I need time. Make him ease before I stab him in his heart. Standing up; he took two paces to me. His eyes were dark, his frown was pronounced. Suddenly grinning took place; shining teeth glistened in fire light.

"Does it matter to you?" was a rather blunt question, "I'm just wondering." He laughed, laughed so hard, coming deep within his chest it echoed throughout the room.

Leaning down, an inch apart, our lips almost touch; I could feel his breath on my lips, almost tasting it, his eyes were memorising at this distance. Greyish blue, swirling in colour, going deeper shades nearer to the pupil. His big bulbous nose was touching mine, soft and squidgy as he moved a little closer. "My original form..." He began. A new tone I never heard before, deep, husky. "We need not talk about."

My body felt to ease, soften itself as he tilted his head, our lips were so close together. They met for a moment. He broke away for a moment. "I have no desire to kill you Irene; by the way. You forget we are connected. I know your mind."

His hand lay on my bare knee. "What are you doing?" I could barely ask. "I am eternal, child. And even I get lonely at times."

Our lips met again. This time more forceful, my body began to feel hot, so hot as he asked for permission to enter my mouth with his tongue. He devoured my mouth after I granted his wish, exploring every corner, rubbing my tongue against his felt amazing.

"Hmmmmm," I let out, humming down his throat quietly, his response was to growl and grab hold of my hips, lifting me out of the seat and onto the floor next to the fire place. Pulling a way for a moment my eyes were wide as dishes.

-Pennywise-

I could have laughed at her eyes, large, wide as dishes, Bright green and clear, almost aluminous, framed by her unnaturally long dark eye lashes.

Millenniums have come and gone. Bitter loneliness, isolation is all I've ever known. Hatred and anger have kept me sustained throughout the years. Irene is just a child, a small innocent child. In essence. All living things compared to me are children, age and mentality wise.

I have fed upon their fear, their fear salted their meat. Made them more delicious; when I devoured upon them. Children are the easiest to scare, their fear easy to procreate whilst older ones; teenagers

adults elders' fear are more complicated, one fear always lends to another fear. Children are simple minded.

Irene is not quite like other "children" disciplined, self-taught to control her fears. But she feels, like everything else, she'll only show it when she wants to. Lets you see what she wants you to see.

She's like in my words, the black widow, or praying mantis. She'll be kind and gentle to her lovers at first; after the deeds are done she'll rip your fucking head off.

I could not help but simply smile down at this red haired angel. Her lips "o" shaped and I could fully appreciate her eyes. Swirls of greeny shades, milky white skin, pore less, blemish free with only that small freckle to her top lip. She didn't need make up, nor do I think she'll ever wear it. She was always a natural beauty.

Wrapping my hands around her ample hips, I could feel her trembling as I moved and placed my left hand on her perky bottom, giving it a small squeeze causing her to gasp.

Her pupils were pinpricks, and then dilated once my lips met hers. "Hmmmm….." she moaned again, my hands caressing her frame up and down.

"Pennywise…." Gasping out my name again, again and again between kisses, and kisses to her throat as my hands travelled up her waist, ribs, and shoulders, barely touching her lush breasts that heaved up at my contact. Her hips bucked slightly as my hands gripped hold of her thighs.

Her legs were strong and firm, smooth to the touch. Massaging them tenderly made her groan. (One of my secrets are that I can release hormones that will turn anyone on. Make them at ease.)

In the back of my mind I can only think that; why do humans do this? It's been eternity since I felt such desire for a being, some human's do *IT* for reproduction others do it for pleasure.

In my original form I can reproduce by myself. Why would I need another?

But I have no desire to reproduce, at least by myself. I can take many forms, in my male form I can take a female's egg and as a female form take a male's seed. I can use them; I have the 'facilities' to use them, (years of evaluation.)

But I *want* Irene; I want her body underneath me, squirming and gasping for release, begging me to take her, make her mine, ravaging her all night. Should a child be conceived, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

"Pennywise….." I looked down seeing her delicate face peering up at me with her eyes half closed, her body heaving close to mine, her hands clasping onto my shoulders and sleeves.

I leaned down more as I felt her tug at my clothes, bringing her lips to mine, soft kisses she traced my jaw line and lips. I kissed back, feeling her taught legs wrap around my waist. I groaned as I slipped closer to her body.

I grinded my groin against hers, she gasped and bucked closer to mine. We grinded against each other as I cupped her breasts tenderly, rubbing them above her clothes. I wanted nothing more than to remove hers and mine.

I could smell her arousal too. I knew she genially wanted it. Sweet smell, clean, I couldn't smell a man's musk. It dawned on me. She was a (36 year old) virgin, and that excited me more, causing me to grind against her faster and harder. "*Pennywise!*" she hissed digging her nails into my arms. She was quiet except the few gasps and moans. Until

"Auuuuuuughuhhhh!" Her eyes were shut tight and I could see tears wet her lashes.

I actually started to worry that I had hurt her. Until I could smell the sweet scent that was more pronounced now. I grinned deviously. I wanted more of her. But was afraid she was to reject me now after reaching her climax. I wanted her so badly it was killing me.

"Let me touch you….?" I half asked; She looked up and nodded, not able to oral her consent.

She knew what I wanted; I wanted her, feel myself inside her.

I stopped in thought. The fire was dying down now the ambers in hearth dimly lit the room, her frame and face was shadowed now but her eyes glowed, such passion I have never seen.

Slowly I slipped her jumper dress up over her legs, torso and head. Revealing her voluptuous figure, tiny waist with ample breasts and hips, any *woman would be envious*.

Dark lacy underwear concealed her treasures. Her legs still hung around my hips but loosely, her torso bent upwards to mine, her face slightly sweaty, little drops rolled down her heaving chest.

Leaning down I kissed her once more as I laid her down on her back slowly. I could feel her hands caress my torso, *Ripit,ripitstraightoff*.

I moaned, tilting my head against her lips as I heard the baggy material rip under her fingers. Ripping it off this body. Growling as she bit my lip hard; teasing me to retaliate.

Careful Magpie. I whispered in my mind to her, opening up our mental telekinesis link after 30 years. *I can't guarantee my actions should you play this game with me.*

'*Hurry up and take me then ,Robert "Bobby" Grey'* she taunted. *I want it ,I waited along time.* I wanted to ask her about that, but not now, not now.

*Get ready kitten.*I haunted her mind, *Here I come.*

Ripping off her underwear- making her yelp and leaving her naked before my eyes. Such a body; breasts perky and round with little pink erect nipples. Goosebumps adorned her body under my touch.

Her under region was nicely trimmed showing only a small amount of hair trimmed into a straight line above the start of her sex. An inch or two long. I couldn't help but grin.

'*Nice to see the carpets match the drapes.*' I laughed in my head. Her eyes wide and for the first time she blushed. A slightly annoyed look adorned her face, it only lasted a moment when she looked down and

drank in my appearance.

-Irene-

I couldn't believe it. After so many years of waiting it happened. Fuck What I said earlier about me striking him down. I didn't mean it and even if I did it would be the hardest thing for me to do.

I understand that it's my job to protect Derry, the shit hole that it is; it is my job to protect it. Like my ancestors did before me. Protect the innocent from *IT*. I'll only protect the young, now, the ones that cannot defend themselves.

Now it's my turn to think of myself I want to be selfish. One night, only one night is all I ask for. Please whatever God there is I need this. My chastity means nothing to me anymore. I found the one I want to give it to. Celebrasy til you find your husband/wife is something that is held keenly in my family and even to the other hunters.

I have found my mate. I could only lie on the floor as my hands glide down to his waist band, undoing the sash and loosening his trousers. Pulling them down slowly as he stood and stepped out, it was a picture to see.

His shirt hung in tatters from his muscled arms, his chest pale like the rest of his body. It was pale and looked like he had body paint all over. His torso was toned and quite the view, lean but toned. Just how I liked my men to look.

His neither region was very impressive. A good nine inch and his girth was monstrous, I felt a hot flush come forth to my face. "Wow." I felt slightly dizzy. "So you like what you see?" Was his reply, deviously grinning.

I looked away for a moment. Only for his hand to tilt my chin so I had to look up at him. Blue eyes spiralled in depths of colour, I noticed his nose was gone and so were his red lips. His face was handsome and very strong structure. His fluffy hair was still there though. Leaning forward he kissed my lips gently.

*The bedroom,*I thought for a brief moment, forgetting that he could read my mind. He groaned, annoyed slightly that I wanted to move to a different kiss didn't differ in any way; he was slightly more forceful though.

*We don't have to you know.*I said meekly in my head knowing no he could hear me. A growl in response, suddenly being I was being lifted up, causing me to wrap my legs around his waist. Lips still connected.

Whereisit? His tone was irritated. *'Hallway-second door to the left.'*

I held back a giggle as he made his way. Opening the door to my bed room. The furniture was sparse and the main furniture that dominated the room was my large queen bed.

*I thought the bed would be ALOT more comfy than the floor.*I whispered to him as he laid me down. *I suppose* was his only response. No more talking. Just act now.

-Pennywise-

Auuuuurgh! I can't wait any longer.

I wanted her and I wanted her now! She had a point about moving to the bedroom, a damn good point. I plan to give her as much comfort as possible whilst I give it to her good.

My shirt was still hanging from me and it gave me a good idea. "Hold still." I commanded softly as I whipped the shirt off quickly ripping a large strip placing both her hands together, she got the jest.

Delicately I tied her wrists together above her head, tight enough that she couldn't get out but not tight enough to hurt her. "How does that feel?" I asked gently stroking her cheek; she smiled up at me "It's comfortable."

Kissed her once more-"Good." I moved her so that she was on the small mountains of pillars. I moved down, nudging her legs slightly wider to I could get a better look at her sex.

The smell was still there, sweet clean scent. I decided that I would tease her a little while longer, by the looks of her face. She wanted it

just a much. My bare hands reached up, fingers traced the outlines of her delicate petals. Spreading the petals a little wider I looked deep within the flowers core, pulsating at my touch, '*What a very beautiful pink colour'* I grinned before leaning forward with my tongue out, slicked it over her tiny pearl. Causing her to yelp and hips bucking forward towards me.

Robert! She called to me, panting as I kept assaulting her hidden treasure with my tongue. Licking all over her flower, mixing between soft and tender to harsh and fierce. Her whimpering my name over and over again whilst the assault carried on for a good few minutes before bringing her to climax.

Her sweet nectar dripped from her tight hole. She was panting for me. "Pennywise please, please Pennywise." "Patience Magpie." I hushed her softly. Leaning forward again sticking my tongue out fully to enter her. She stiffened at the intrusion, could feel her hymen, I teased it constantly, my teeth grinding against her clit. I wasn't playing gentle anymore. I wanted her to scream, scream for me.

I loved fucking her with my tongue, I could taste her nectar, sweet and delicious. Feel every muscle wrapping itself around my own. She was so tight, how was she going to handle my girth?

I figure I would have to do it gently and work myself up. At the moment I needed her to relax and enjoy herself. This was her night.

"Pennywise!" she cried, tears rolled down her cheeks, eyes wide open staring up at the ceiling as her trapped hands touched my head and back of my neck, her legs high above my head so I could go deeper slightly. She came again.

"Please, Robert." Her voice horsed. "Please what?" I asked expectedly, I was teasing her with my fingers now- my free hand slowly stroking my aching member. We were at it for over half an hour. Making her scream and Cumming everywhere.

"I want you to f-fuck me please, please I need it, I need you inside me, so bad." I wanted to fuck her I *really* wanted to fuck her brains out, make her scream my name again. Teasing her was losing it glamour.

It was delightful as hell to make her cum over my tongue and fingers, slick her up a bit and loosening her so that I wouldn't hurt her too much. But in truth I needed her around me. I needed her now.

Her body was spasm as I brought her to her fifth climax. "Stop fucking around and just fuck me please!" she hollered at me. Bringing me to halt my actions and laugh so loud it echoed in the house.

"Here I am Magpie , I'm coming for you!" I grinned before leaning down on her frame; her hips cradled me as she wasted no time to wrap her legs around my own hips. Kissing her with more fierce passion as she slipped her bonded wrist around my neck I slowly entered her. Restraining myself not to damage her.

"O!" she whimpered slightly as I slotted myself into her tight hole. Pulling her lips from mine.

Groaning at the tightness around me, I had to pause to reframe myself. I had to let her adjust herself to my grit and girth. I waited for a moment, looking at her. Her eyes tightly shut, biting her bottom lip though the pain. I kissed her eyes, her nose and mouth tenderly, rubbing her sides to calm her.

"*Go."* I heard her voice in my head. *"Don'trush."* I whispered back. Maybe I should have waited a little while longer. *"Just wait; just, for a moment more.I want you to enjoy this." "Please, I waited for so long; don't keep me waiting for longer. Please, just, go slow."* Her reply was weak, distant. I opened my eyes to look into hers. I moved slowly deeper inside and then out. "Huh, ah, huh." Her eyes went into her skull showing the whites.

Faster, move more please!

I did, picking up the pace I moved faster inside her, not fast enough to hurt or surprise her just enough so that he pleas are met. I couldn't even look at her, I wanted to see her face, her delicate face mixed with ecstasy would drive me insane. I could feel her sweat mix with my own slicking easily against each other like lubricant.

My restraining myself was becoming harder and harder as she mews and moans and clawed my back and arms. I looked down at her, her

eyes looking at me, brilliant shades of green in all their glory stared up at me; her hair matted with sweat clung to her face, neck and chest. She bared her teeth at me. Her body arching up against mine broke the last of my restraints.

I felt *everything*! Her heart pounding against her chest rang in my ears. Her throbbing channel pulsating around me, sucking me deeper with in her.

I moved so hard and fast against her, clawed her hips still whilst pumping myself into her; rocking the hard wooden bed in the process banging the head board against the wall. My hand reached up to grab the head to steady it. Irene was still on the pillows that mountain the headboard. I angled my hips causing her to scream.

"YES! MORE! YESSSSS, YES PLEASE MORE!" She moved her hips with mine in sync.

I couldn't speak, my moans and groans were uncontrollable.

You want more, Irene? Do you think you can handle more? I asked her mentally-*Yes, yes please! Give me more!*

I obliged her request. Giving her all I had, I couldn't hold back much longer. I wanted her to feel my entire strength before we were done. She was strong human being. I'll give her that. But we had been at it for a while, this was her first time too so she was doing well, but she was still frail in respects. Humans can only carry on for so long.

I was reaching my peak now, I drilled deeper with in her now, both are groans, moans mews, screams matched each other. All I could think about was her, my new mate.

She was perfect, he was perfect.

All too perfect.

I could feel my teeth grow longer and sharper as I leaned forward towards the nape of her neck. Biting down fast.

We came together.

A/NasIsaidNotasGraphicasI'musedto.It'sbeenawhilesinceIwrotea "lemon"

This chapter is 14 pages long hope you enjoyed and I look forward to comments